

LIBERTY LOAN
ALPHABET

By W. F. O'DONNELL.

- A** for AMERICA, Land of the Free—
Guarding our freedom for you and for me.
- B** is for BONDS we must Buy and still Buy—
We can Buy more if we only will try.
- C** is for CASH—just a little today,
Then small installments the balance will pay.
- D** is for DIG—in your pockets Dig Deep—
Dollar on Dollar will make a great heap.
- E** is for EVERYONE pulling together—
If you stay out you will show the white feather.
- F** is for FRANCE, on whose soil we must fight,
With men and with money, for freedom and right.
- G** is for GIVE while you won't miss the Giving—
Robbed of your Freedom, would life be worth living?
- H** is for HONOR, for which our sires fought—
Your bit and my bit will keep what they bought.
- I** is for INTEREST paid on the Loan—
Never a better Investment was known.
- J** is for JOIN with the patriots true
Who with their money will see the war through.
- K** is for kaiser—the foe of mankind—
Whose cruel hands we with shackles must bind.
- L** is for LIBERTY, won long ago—
Since money can save it, what voice will say "No"?
- M** is for MUST—We Must save and Must pay—
Money will win, there is no other way.
- N** is for NERVE—If we have our full share,
We shall raise money enough and to spare.
- O** is for ONWARD! No time for delay!
Now is the time! Get your Loan Bond Today!
- P** is for PEACE—You can help it along—
Pay the Price now and it won't take us long.
- Q** is for QUITTER, a Queer kind of Quack,
Quick with his talk, but in giving Quite slack.
- R** is for ROOTERS, child, woman and man,
Boosting for Bonds, while they Buy all they can.
- S** is for SERVE, SELF-DENIAL and SAVE—
Strikes with your might, and our Flag shall still wave.
- T** for TOMORROW, whose sun will ne'er shine—
Do it TODAY—Sign your name on the line!
- U** means UNITED—to stand or to fall—
Uncle Sam needs you—respond to the call!
- V** is for VICTORY, sure to be won
When every person his duty has done.
- W** is for WAR—it is no parlor game—
Win it with money, or weaken to shame!
- X** is for XMAS, the season of cheer—
Help Santa bring us success this year.
- Y** is for YOU—not for some other fellow—
Show that your blood is Red, not streaked with Yellow!
- Z** is for ZENITH, which means the Tip-Top!
On to the goal! Buy and Buy, and don't stop!

AMERICAN TROOPS, WHILE UNDER
CONSTANT FIRE, HIGH SPIRITED

**Nobody Who Has Not Been in the Front-Line Trenches
Trenches Can Possibly Know the Horror and the
Misery of War, or Appreciate the Heroism of Our
Fighters, Soldier Writes Mother.**

The letter printed below has been reproduced in pamphlet form by the central Liberty Loan committee for Virginia, and is being given wide publicity in the state. It is one of the most striking that has come from any source. The committee prefaces the letter with these words:

"The following letter from a young American captain to his mother shows the spirit, the courage and the resolve of our men over there.

"Shall we not do our part, when they meet death smiling? Shall we not stand behind them?"

This is the message sent home:

France, Dec. 25, 1917.

My Darling Mother:

It is all a little hopeless and useless, but here goes again as it is Christmas, and that should bring luck. Every now and then a long-looked-for letter arrives and then a little joy and then silence.

I am just back from "out there" and how good a little French room and fire seem once more, and water to wash in, lots of it, and clean sheets, and hot food and greatest of all the silence of a small town.

I have clean clothes once more, nothing in them but me and today is Christmas and I should be thankful. "Peace on Earth good will towards all mankind." God, what a joke, but some day peace is obliged to arrive and things become normal.

Don't mind if I rave in this letter a little. I have so much to tell, so very little I can tell, and in all probability you will never receive it, so here goes.

Ages ago it seems I arrived over here and have lived about six lives since then. We go at breakneck speed and there will be no let up until the Boche is whipped, and he is a hard devil to whip. I have seen him in all his majesty, his dirt and filth, have seen the remnant of his handiwork (God help them) heard his hymn of hate, seen him on the battle field, heard his cannon roar, his machine gun sputter, gone through his gas, have been knocked down and cold by his shells, watched his star shells turn the world green, have seen him rot on no man's land, have seen him in all possible forms and conditions, and although he is a good soldier we have him whipped. He is a fighter and a good one, but he has met a better one than he is. I have seen my men after four days with no sleep, in mud almost to their waist, lousy, a little hungry, very, very tired and in a place no sane man would like to be, crack jokes when a shell hit a little too far off, laugh at death, and wounded, wonder how long it will be before they could return to hit at him once more. He will never appreciate the spirit of our troops, for what the Boche doesn't possess he can't understand, and the spirit of our men is something he will never possess.

There was an affair on the 13th of a certain month (look at your Army and Navy Journal) and being on the 13th of course I was in it. The journal has it wrong—things get twisted going from here to America, but in that little affair I saw one man go with a smile on his face into pure death and he knew it. What the Boche had intended for a big thing ended in a farce for them. A few, very, very few of us whipped hell out of God knows how many of them. We have got them whipped, Mother, and they will soon find it out.

Listen, no one who has not been under shell fire can know anything about it (I have an overcoat or what is left of it, I wish you could see), but I have seen my company under it and for more than a day of incessant firing and I have yet to see one of them show any signs of cowardice. They are afraid, of course; everyone is afraid a little, but when the noise of bursting shells was so great that I would have to lean close and yell to be heard, they always had a smile and a joke in reply.

I have told you before that I am a captain, and my company of 250 men are just the best in the world. They like me and I idolize them, and we certainly pull together. God help the Boche when we hit him, for we won't. We have given him a small sample of the meal he has yet to eat, and he is going to strangle over it.

"War Is Hell."

It is hard to write of things you could not and cannot understand. You read songs about "shot and shell flying" and it sounds pretty to music. When you actually hear it, it sounds as I imagine hell feels like. You can't tell about it, you simply have to feel it.

In America the slogan used to be "Control your anger, peace at any price." And they were in a way

right, for it is peace at any price, even if the price is life, and we are going to pay millions of lives before we get it.

Here I have written a few pages you may never receive, and in thinking over what I have written I have said nothing that can give you any real clear idea of what this war is like. It is made up of a thousand little details and the master of all is Courage and Work.

Work from morning to the next morning, and work so hard you don't know when morning actually comes. I suppose it is in my blood, for all of our ancestors fought, and I like it in spite of the hell of noise, and sudden death, and lingering death, and awful work, and no water, and lice, and raped women and mangled children, and towns that were, and friends that were, and the glorious life to go back to after war. Some way it all seems as if I had been through it before.

I remember the last letter I started to write you about two weeks ago, and a dugout nearly forty feet deep, and almost at the start a shell hit the top, made an awful noise, put my candle out, and made me think I had better inspect our trenches and talk a little to my men, for I felt a little in need of cheering. So I didn't write any more, but started to inspect our position, woke up again in my dugout with a little bit of overcoat left, a very small and shallow hole in my shoulder, a few gravel in my face and the hate of hell in my heart for the man who fired the shot.

The Trenches.

So it goes. You walk through trenches so black you skin your face against the walls of it, curse the twisted shape of it, and wish to God you could see something real to shoot at. Sixteen long hours of blackness and then a twilight twisted in fog and malformed by a hidden sun. Then the same thing over and over again. Nothing happens in the day, hell pops loose at darkness. When I left the trenches I was really beginning to be able to see in the dark.

Mother, when you get this letter I will be back in the line. When you are asleep I am awake (for night is the time things happen) and when you are awake so am I, a large part of the time. Everything works fast here, life, death, men, artillery, all are at concert pitch and going faster than you can imagine; so if the Boche is lucky and one of his shells happen to hit me and I take the long, long sleep, you must not worry a little bit. I chose this profession and it is the only one of the mail. If I don't come back when peace is sounded, just remember that I met it smiling and tried, and did do all you would want me to do.

I have been so fortunate in my ancestors and their fighting abilities, that perhaps it is a little easier on me than some of the rest. So help them all you can and know that I am happy somewhere.

This, I know, from my old remembrances of things sounded a little like mush, but it isn't, it is exactly what I mean and feel. It is not easy to write, but if I could talk to you for a few minutes you would understand, you always understood.

And now, dearest mother, good night. It is Christmas and I hope this letter will reach you. I am still wretched that when we were together you were not as happy as you should have been, but perhaps this helps a little.

Again good night and God bless you.
Your loving son.

Answers Given

(Continued From First Page.)

on the back of the bond in accordance with directions there given.

Q. Suppose a married woman wishes to transfer a bond made out in her maiden name?

A. She should sign herself "Mary Jones, now by marriage Mary Brown."

Q. A United States government bond is frequently spoken of as "best security in the world." Why is this true?

A. Because the promise to pay a government bond is backed by the faith and honor of the United States of America and by the taxing power of this whole country, which is the richest nation in the world.

How Far Exempt From Taxes.

Q. Are Liberty bonds exempt from taxation?

A. The bonds are exempt both as to principal and interest from all taxes imposed by the United States, any state, or any of the possessions of the

Farmers Assist Loan.

A splendid tribute has been paid to the farmers of New York state by William Church Osborn, life member of the New York State Agricultural Society. In a statement to the Liberty Loan committee, Mr. Osborn said: "The farmers of this state have shown that they know that a grain of wheat is as good as a grain of powder and a pound of pork as good as a pound of lead to help win the war. Short of labor, short of cash, short of seeds, suffering from the scourge of aging weather of 1917, they are opening the spring campaign of 1918 full of courage and of strength. This is particularly true of the small farmers, and my observation has been that the smaller the farmer the bigger the heart. Those farmers who made a winning—and there were many of them last year—will put every dollar they can afford into the Liberty Loan."

United States, or by any local taxing authority, except:

(a) Estate or inheritance taxes.
(b) Graduated additional income taxes, commonly known as surtaxes and excess profits or war-profits taxes now or hereafter imposed by the United States upon the income or profits of corporations, individuals, partnerships, or associations.

The interest on an amount of bonds and certificates, not in excess of \$5,000 in one ownership, is exempt from the taxes provided for in clause (b) above.

Q. Does this mean that the bonds are free from all local taxation?

A. Yes; the local assessor or tax collector cannot assess these bonds as personal property.

Q. What is the amount of the Third Liberty Loan?

A. The secretary of the treasury is inviting subscriptions for \$3,000,000,000 and reserves the right to allot additional bonds.

How to Buy.

Q. How much do bonds of the Third Liberty Loan cost?

A. From \$50 to \$100,000, whatever their face value calls for. The law states that these bonds must be sold at not less than "par"; that is, their face value—100 cents on the dollar.

Q. How can I buy the bonds of the Third Liberty Loan?

A. By filling out an application blank and handing it to any bank or trust company, bond dealer or broker, or to one of the Federal reserve banks, or to the treasury department at Washington or any authorized solicitor.

Q. When can this application for bonds be made?

A. At any time from the 6th day of April, 1918, until the sales campaign closes.

Q. In what form must applications to buy a Liberty bond be made?

A. On applications furnished you by your bank or by an authorized solicitor.

Q. Must the full price of bonds be paid on application?

A. No; it can be paid for in installments.

Q. If I desire to pay for the bonds at the time I make my subscription, may I do so?

A. Yes; you can pay in full for any bonds you subscribe for.

Q. If I pay in full for a \$50, \$100, \$500, or \$1,000 bond, do I receive the bond?

A. Yes; as soon as it can be shipped by the treasury department to the bank through which you subscribe.

Q. Do subscribers to Liberty bonds receive particular recognition?

A. Yes; each subscriber is given a badge of honor in the form of an official button.

Q. As a practical matter, will I have any difficulty in attending to these details?

A. None at all. Any bank, trust company, bond house, or broker will gladly give you full instructions at any time without charge.

How Women May Aid.

Q. How may women aid the Liberty Loan?

A. First—By the purchase of Liberty bonds. Second—By helping to sell Liberty bonds to others.

Q. Can a woman own a Liberty bond as her personal property?

A. A Liberty bond is the personal property of the purchaser or of the person to whom the purchaser may sell or assign it. If it is a registered bond, the record of its ownership is a matter of governmental record. A Liberty bond is therefore the property of the woman who buys it until she disposes of it.

A regiment of young men—our soldiers in the making—marched in Baltimore with a banner on which was inscribed, "We have given ourselves; what have you given?" The question is for every one to answer. If you cannot give your blood, at least give bread and service.

